

Ethereal

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Summary: When Yamaguchi Tadashi first laid eyes on Yachi Hitoka, he could have sworn he saw an angel. And before he knew it, he had fallen. Hard. / / YamaYachi.

Ethereal

****YAY FOR MORE HAIKYUU! I seriously love this anime/manga and I can't get enough of it. So, yet another fanfic!****

****This one is inspired by my brother, who got Sarah McLachlan's _In the Arms of an Angel_ stuck in my head, causing me to think of the precious freckled angel Yamaguchi and angel princess Yachi, who I recently began to ship. Also a shout out to my little sister, who I know loves fangirling over Tsukki (especially when he tapes his fingers like her _other_ megane love).****

****I hope you guys enjoy! :)****

****Disclaimer: _Haikyuu!_ is the property of the super amazing Furudate Haruichi!****

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><p>When Yamaguchi Tadashi first laid eyes on Yachi Hitoka, he could have sworn he saw an angel. Her golden hair framing her face seemed to make her glow, an observation only furthered by her bright eyes and luminous blush. Before he knew it, Yamaguchi realized he had fallenâ€"hard, and decide he'd do whatever it took to get her to notice him.

Unfortunately for Yamaguchi, he paled rather drastically in comparison to his more..._interesting_ fellow first years. How could he possibly draw Yachi's attention when she was always watching out for that bouncing ball of sunshine Hinata and the ridiculously talented Kageyama? Especially when they hurt themselves in their

crazy antics, only further prompting her to keep her focus on them.

Yamaguchi remembered the burst of jealousy he had felt when Yachi had first taken care of a nearly-concussed Hinata. Hinata had been spacing outâ€”yet againâ€”during a practice match and a chance ball sent up by Nishinoya had landed smack dab on top of Hinata's head. The poor boy had keeled over in an instant, and would have probably cracked his skull on the gym floor if Yachi (who had been standing nearby) hadn't rushed forward to catch him. Hinata's head had fallen right in her lap and the whole gym had breathed a sigh of relief, running over to check on their spirited decoy.

Well, except for Tsukishima, who was merely shaking his head in exasperation, and Yamaguchi, whose attention was held on Yachi as she helped Hinata sit up. He watched as Yachi worriedly asked Hinata if he was okay and she giggled when Hinata embarrassedly told her he was fine. Yamaguchi knew he should have been glad that Hinata was okay, but for just a split secondâ€”right when Hinata had made Yachi laughâ€”Yamaguchi almost wished he had slammed his head on the floor instead.

That feeling of jealousy wasn't a one-time thing, as Yamaguchi soon discovered. The next instance happened the time Kageyama took a ball to the face during the match against Johzenji. Yamaguchi himself had to drag Kageyama off of the court and to the bathroom to clean up. As soon as they had stepped foot in the hall, they heard Yachi call out Kageyama's name. She was slightly out of breath, considering she had dashed from her spot in the stands as soon as she had seen that Kageyama was bleeding. She was carrying multiple towels, and had already started cleaning up Kageyama's face. Yamaguchi remained completely forgotten as Yachi fussed over Kageyama. Neither of them seemed to notice when Yamaguchi bitterly headed back into the gym.

Both of the previous instances had made Yamaguchi feel slightly guilty about the immense envy he felt, but he had never been more ashamed than when he'd snapped at Tsukki. Tsukishima had been helping Nishinoya practice his block follows by blocking Tanaka's spikes while Yamaguchi and Yachi looked on. A particularly powerful spike from Tanaka was just barely blocked by Tsukishima, the brunt of the impact hitting his fingers rather than his palm. Tsukishima landed back on the floor and cursed, examining his hand. Yachi hurried over to tape up his fingers as Tanaka apologized. Tsukishima shrugged off the apology and headed over to Yamaguchi once Yachi had finished.

"You okay, Tsukki?" Yamaguchi asked.

"Yeah, it's no big deal," Tsukishima replied offhandedly.

Yamaguchi turned back to watch Nishinoya's practicingâ€”now Ennoshita was blocking Tanakaâ€”until he noticed Tsukishima unwinding the tape from his fingers.

"You shouldn't take that off yet," Yamaguchi cautioned.

"I'm just adjusting it. Yachi didn't put the tape on right."

Yamaguchi immediately felt the need to defend her. "Well it's not like she's ever needed to tape up her fingers before! You should just be glad she paid any attention to you at all! She's always doing her best for you, and Hinata, and Kageyama, and the others, so the least you could do is be thankful she tried!"

Tsukishima looked surprised at his usually complacent friend's outburst. "I wasn't complaining, and I'm certainly grateful for what Yachi contributes to the team."

Yamaguchi suddenly felt embarrassed and ashamed for yelling at his closest friend. "Sorry Tsukki, I didn't mean to get so upset."

"Forget it, I don't care," Tsukishima said, putting a hand on his hip. "What's the deal with you, Yamaguchi? You never get so riled up about just anything. I doubt this is about me fixing the tape on my hands. I think this is really about you liking Yachi."

Yamaguchi's freckled face went scarlet. "What? I don't-!"

Tsukishima cut him off with one disbelieving look. "Seriously, Yamaguchi, Yachi doesn't pay any special attention to the shrimp or the king or me or anyone else. You're just being ridiculous if you think that."

Coach Ukai blew a whistle and called the team over for a final talk before the end of practice. Tsukishima started walking over towards the rest, but stopped and looked back at Yamaguchi.

"And if it's bothering you so much, why don't you just tell her how you feel?"

Yamaguchi just stood there speechless until he realized that everyone else was gathered around Coach Ukai, and hurried over to join the rest.

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After practice had ended and everyone was starting to leave, Yamaguchi realized Tsukishima was nowhere in sight. As Yamaguchi looked around for his friend, Yachi walked over to him.

"Um, Yamaguchi-kun?"

"Oh, hi Yachi. Have you seen Tsukki?"

"Uh, yes, he left a little while ago after he told me that he thought you may be feeling a little unwell and asked me to check on you," Yachi explained.

Yamaguchi blinked in surprise. "He asked you to check on me?"

Yachi nodded. "So are you feeling alright?"

"Oh, um, yeah I'm fine."

"Oh, okay then! That's good!" Yachi smiled brightly, and butterflies

fluttered in Yamaguchi's stomach. He gulped, steeling his nerves. He saw what Tsukishima had been trying to give him the opportunity to do, and he would be a fool to waste it now.

Just as Yachi was about to walk away, Yamaguchi blurted out, "I-I like you, Yachi!"

She whirled around, her eyes wide. "Huh? Really?"

Yamaguchi hesitated for a fraction of a second and considered telling her he was just kidding, but he strengthened his resolve once again and nodded. "Yes! I like you a lot!"

A dazzling grin lit up Yachi's face, her eyes sparkling brightly as a pretty pink blush spread on her cheeks. "I like you a lot too, Yamaguchi-kun!"

And at that moment, Yamaguchi could swear he saw an angel again.

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><p>Whew. **Yet another Haikyuu! fic done!
ï¼¼ï¼¼^ï¼¼â½ï¼¼) ï¼¼• Really though, both Yamaguchi and Yachi are such
angels. And they're such a cute pairing too!**

**I hope you liked the story as much as I enjoyed writing it, and
reviews/suggestions are always welcome! Thanks for reading!
^â'_^**

End
file.